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THE  
WOMEN OF TURKEY<sup>65</sup>  
AND THEIR FOLK-LORE

BY  
LUCY M. J. GARNETT

WITH CONCLUDING CHAPTERS ON  
THE ORIGINS OF MATRIARCHY

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THE JEWISH AND MOSLEM WOMEN

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[Title Page]

## CHAPTER I.

### KURDSH WOMEN: THEIR STATUS AND OCCUPATIONS.

THE Kurds are to be found scattered all over the <sup>101</sup> Eastern Highlands of Asia Minor, from the Taurus to the Caucasus, as well as in Kurdistan proper, where the population is equally mixed. Under the name of Kurd, however, two distinct races are included, who form as great a contrast to each other in physiognomy as in character and manner of life. The one <sup>181</sup> race is nomad, warlike, and full of vivacity, the other <sup>142</sup> is agricultural, pacific, and not remarkable for intelligence.<sup>1</sup> The features of the peasantry are much softer and less pronounced than those of the tribesmen, who have long and rather aquiline noses, prominent foreheads, keen, deep set eyes, generally black, but sometimes grey, or even blue, small mouths, and pointed chins. Their step is firm, their bearing proud and dignified, and at the first glance one sees that they are the lords of the country.

The Kurds generally are strong, healthy, well-<sup>181</sup> built people, and in spite of the inequalities of <sup>142</sup> climate of the country they inhabit, live to a good <sup>164</sup> old age. The children are clear-skinned, rosy-

<sup>1</sup> The Turkish proverb, "Stupid as a Kurd," applies only to the peasants of this nation.

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cheeked, hardy, lithe and active little creatures, and the young women—in the Taurus especially—are said to be models of physical beauty. Mr. Millingen gives the following glowing description of one among the many handsome girls he saw during his residence among these freebooting highlanders: "Her complexion gave me an idea of what must have been the bloom of the forbidden apple of the terrestrial Paradise. Her eyes, of a dark chestnut, shone like brilliants through the veil of her thick, long eyelashes, while nose and mouth were perfect in their delicacy of shape. Though the garments she wore were not of a superior sort, yet through their folds her graceful form could be detected. But what above all contributed to make her really charming was the calm, simple, and, so to say, infantine air which distinguished her countenance and the whole of her demeanour."

173 Some Kirdish families in Bekkan and Hakkari claim descent from the Ommeiyide Khalif, and some travellers are of opinion that the tribe of the Rowadi, to which Saladin belonged, may possibly be the same as the modern Revendi, or Rewendi. The chiefs of the Babbek clan confidently affirm that they have in their veins English blood from an ancestress called Keighan, the legend concerning whom will be found in a subsequent chapter.<sup>1</sup> Less mythical, perhaps, is the story of the company belonging to the Second Crusade (1147-49), who wandered in a north-easterly direction from Syria, and not being

<sup>1</sup> *Wild Life among the Kurds*.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 176.

able to find their way back, settled in the mountains <sup>175</sup>  
of Kurdistan.

The two above described classes of Kurds are distinguished among themselves by terms signifying respectively, "Dwellers in tents," or "Nomads," and "Labourers," or "Subjects" (*Royake*). <sup>565</sup>

The peasant Kurds are said to outnumber the <sup>565</sup>  
warriors in the proportion of four or five to one. The <sup>614</sup>  
latter are estimated at some thirteen thousand families, <sup>[62]</sup>  
of whom ten thousand are nomad, the remainder being settled in the towns and villages. All these <sup>614</sup>  
warrior Kurds are divided into tribes, of which they distinguish three kinds: *askiri* (great tribes), *qadili* (medium tribes), and *shikfi* (small tribes). These are counted by tents or houses, each of which contains from five to twenty inmates. The great tribes are subdivided into *qadili* and *shikfi*, or merely into *shikfi*, which term is also generally used to denote a tribe, whether great or small. The small tribes which are unconnected with an *askiri* are called isolated *shikfi*.

The tribes, or clans, consist of the family of the <sup>614</sup>  
chief, and a number of other families more or less <sup>621</sup>  
closely connected with it. In their encampments the <sup>623</sup>  
tent of the chief is conspicuous among the others by its size, for it is the council chamber, court of justice, and general meeting-place of the elders of the tribe, and in it general hospitality is exercised. Clan feeling and devotion to the chief are the leading characteristics of these wild people. The head of the tribe is, however, not an arbitrary ruler, the voices of the

<sup>1</sup> Huxley, *As Kurdistan*, or *Alpistan*, &c., p. 110.

64  
 621 elders having great weight, and, as I shall subse-  
 622 quently point out, even the women are not excluded  
 from a share in the politics of the tribe.

175 Though more or less dominated by the numerous  
 186 conquerors who have successively, for three thousand  
 years, overrun those regions which are now called  
 Kurdistan, the Kurds have never ceased to own a  
 distinct nationality. Since the Ottoman conquest  
 they have been constantly wavering between the two  
 rival powers of Islam—the Sunnis and the Shias, as  
 represented by the Turks and the Persians respectively,  
 siding, according to the exigencies of the time, now  
 with one party and now with the other. Notwith-  
 721 standing their sufferings in the destructive wars of  
 649 conquest waged for centuries by Turk and Persian,  
 186 and the constant internal fruds fomented by both  
 those nations in order to weaken the power of the  
 Kurdish warriors, they still maintain a sort of semi-  
 independence, preserving their nationality as distinct  
 from that of their neighbours as in earlier days,  
 though possessing no dynasty, political constitution,  
 ancient religion, historical traditions, or literature, to  
 bind them together.

669 Three times during the present century have  
 national aspirations incited them to throw off the  
 Turkish yoke; but owing to the immense extent of  
 mountainous country over which they are scattered,  
 their successes have been but partial and nugatory.  
 101 Representatives as they probably are of the ancient  
 174 Chaldeans, no other race has, perhaps, so long pre-  
 served its nationality under conditions so unfavourable.

The country houses of the Kurds are for the most part—like those of their neighbours, the Armenians, already described—underground dwellings, with the cattle-stable communicating with the *salamlik*, or public-room. The cooking stove consists of an immense earthen jar, wider in the centre than at the top and bottom, which is sunk into the floor of the principal room. Into it a quantity of *tesek*, the native fuel of compressed straw and cow-dung, is thrown, and from an iron bar placed across the orifice a kettle is suspended by a chain. Over this stove the women sit, regardless of the smoke and flame issuing from the ground as from the crater of a volcano. The smoke finds its only exit by the little window high up in the wall, which admits the modicum of light with which the inmates content themselves.

The furniture is very simple, being merely a few carpets and quilts, some mattresses, and a number of leather wallets, which contain the wearing apparel and other household goods not in general use. This apartment serves as kitchen, sitting- and sleeping-room combined, three or four generations finding rest and comfort within its four walls. Out of this room opens the store-room, which contains a cemented cistern, like an ancient sarcophagus in shape, and a number of earthen jars of different sizes, the largest quite four feet high, in shape like the Greek *amphora*. The cistern is used for making a kind of beer called *Adra*, a liquor called *sardank*, extracted from the juice of the pomegranate, and other provisions for domestic

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consumption, all of which are stored in the capacious jars.<sup>1</sup>

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At Suliemanieh, the Kûrdish capital, the better sort of houses are square, one-storied buildings, standing on a basement about three feet high, and built of sun-dried bricks with a plastering of mud mixed with chopped straw. The interiors of the principal rooms are lime-washed, and the flat roofs are formed of rafters covered with reeds and a coating of earth.

[352]

351

Round the house is a walled enclosure, divided into two courts by a cross-wall, which joins the house at each end near its centre, leaving the front, which is the *selamlîk*, in one court, and the back, the *haremlik*, in the other. The gardens consist in great part of turfy lawns shaded by willows, poplars, and mulberry trees, which, with rose-bushes, are disposed in little clumps, and watered by a stream which has its source in the mountains. The chief apartment is

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the *talar*, a room quite open to the air in front, and used in warm weather as a general sitting and sleeping room by the family. Only the poorest persons sleep on the roofs of their houses. Some, in the greatest heats, which last only a month, sleep in *ichardaks*, or bowers, over the tanks in the courts, or in tents, to escape from the fleas, which are said to be even more formidable here than in the rest of Turkey. In the *selamlîk* is also a large spacious hall, dimly lighted, and used as a cool retreat in summer. The winter rooms are approached by a long, dark passage.

<sup>1</sup> Xenophon, in his *Anabasis*, or *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, mentions that the Karduci kept their wine in cemented cisterns, bk. iv. chap. ii.

The ordinary houses are mere mud hovels, which<sup>342</sup> give the place an appearance similar to that of an Arab village. Every domestic operation is carried on in public, and the whole family may be seen sleeping<sup>[313]</sup> on the low flat roofs in full view of neighbours or passers-by.

Kûrdistan is for the most part a barren country,<sup>133</sup> cultivated fields and gardens being found only in the<sup>241</sup> proximity of towns and large villages. With the clansmen pasturage is the only resource, and in<sup>233</sup> summer they wander from highland to highland seeking pasturage and water for their large flocks of sheep. A tribe on the march is a picturesque sight. The baggage is carried on the backs of bullocks,<sup>442</sup> which sometimes carry in addition two or three chil-<sup>482</sup> dren and the cradle, if the mother has not strapped this with its inmate to her own back. Striding along<sup>462</sup> with the other women may be seen several Amazonian figures, who seem to be in charge of the party, and much more responsible for its safety than the men, who saunter along carrying only their arms, a heavy mace hanging from their girdles, and a sword and<sup>[41]</sup> buckler at their backs. Beyond guarding the flocks, the men take no part in the work connected with them, all of which devolves on the women.

Kûrds seldom eat the flesh of their flocks, which<sup>262</sup> they consider too valuable for consumption, but content themselves for the most part with the dairy produce, milk, cheese, and butter, curds and *gaouri*, with thin cakes baked in the *tandour*, and a kind of pilaf made from wheat instead of rice. Butter is<sup>234</sup> made in a very primitive fashion. A large sheepskin

- 234 bag filled with milk is suspended horizontally by two cords, and to this apparatus the Kûrdish maidens impart a swinging movement, which, in course of time, converts the milk into butter. Their cheese, which is called *djadjik*, and is much relished, contains some prickly herb, possessing a flavour like that of onions.
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- [263] The dress of Kûrdish women of the better class is composed of a loose chemise with sleeves and wide Turkish trousers, secured round the waist by a belt fastened with a large clasp of gold or silver. Over this is worn a gown cut like the coats of the men, and fastened only at the throat, leaving the chemise and trousers visible. It is made of striped or variegated silk or cotton stuff from Gugerat or Constantinople, or of rich Oriental brocade, according to the season and the position of the wearer. Next comes the *bish*, which is generally of satin, and shaped like the gown, but with short tight sleeves which do not reach the elbow. In winter this is replaced by a *libardé*, or long jacket of quilted cotton. In winter, Kûrdish ladies sometimes adopt the national *ichurakia*, a cloak of yellow and red plaid, fastened across the shoulders and falling below the knees. Their head-dress is a prodigiously heavy construction. It consists of silk kerchiefs, or rather shawls, of all the colours of the rainbow, pinned together in the form of a mitre two feet in height, with long ends hanging down nearly to the heels. Some of these mitres are ornamented with rows of gold lace, from which depend little leaf-like gold ornaments, which, with strings of coins and glass beads, chiefly constitute the jewellery of a Kûrdish lady. Notwith-
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standing the inconvenience of this head-gear, and the baldness which it causes, it is said to be worn even at night, little pillows being used to support it.

The dress of the peasant women is similar in form, but is invariably made of blue cotton stuffs; the *tcharokhia*, or cloak, is of a darker shade of blue, with white stripes round the bottom, the corners being knotted across the breast or shoulder; and a small cap is worn on the head, the hair curling about the face.

Though nominally Moslems, the Kûrdish women do not veil themselves very strictly when abroad. In large towns like Sulimanieh the ladies wear a blue checked sheet, and a screen of black horsehair, like the Turkish women of the interior. This is, however, seldom pulled down, except by ladies of the highest rank, who may wish to pass through the streets *incognito*; and the lower class women generally go about with their faces uncovered. The village women veil themselves when they leave their homes; and the nomads, when on the march, partially screen their faces with a cotton kerchief or scarf. Menservants are not, as with the Turks, excluded from the rooms occupied by the ladies of the house, and male visitors are freely received by the assembled family.

Notwithstanding, however, this apparent freedom of manners, Kûrdish women conduct themselves with the utmost dignity and propriety, displaying neither the timidity common to the Armenians, nor the forwardness too often seen in the behaviour of the Osmanlis. Their standard of morality is, indeed, exceptionally high among the races of the country,

684 any lapse from virtue on the part of a married woman being, as a rule, summarily punished by the injured husband with death; and her partner in guilt usually shares the same fate. No social odium attaches to the man who thus takes the law into his own hand; on the contrary, such an action is considered highly meritorious. Various stories are current among the Kurds illustrating such retributory vengeance. One relates how a Kurd, the captain of some irregular troops employed at Bagdad, hearing of his Kourmandji wife's suspected unfaithfulness during his absence, returned secretly to his native town, entered the house by night, and shot dead both her and her lover. Another of these stories describes the murder, by a boy of fifteen, of his stepmother and her partner in guilt during the absence of his father, whom a feud with a neighbouring chief had obliged to remove temporarily to a distance. In both these cases the deed was considered highly meritorious, and its perpetrator treated with every mark of consideration by friends and neighbours. The relatives of the guilty persons made no complaint to the authorities, nor did they manifest any resentment. On the contrary, the crime which had occasioned the murder is so abhorrent to the Kurdish mind, that the customary visits of condolence were not paid to the families of the dead.

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539 Stories, too, are common of women, both married and unmarried, who have defended their honour by taking the life of their assailant. One of these stories is so thrilling that I will endeavour to reproduce it in brief. A Kurdish lady was returning, accompanied only by a manservant, to her husband's house from

a visit to her parents, who lived a day's journey off. <sup>684</sup>  
 On the road this man contrived so many delays that, <sup>539</sup>  
 instead of reaching home before sunset, they were  
 obliged to stop for the night at a lonely and un-  
 tenanted khan, of evil repute as the resort of robbers  
 and brigands. After stabling the horses, the man  
 came upstairs to the room occupied by his mistress,  
 and approached her with dishonouring proposals.  
 But she, divining his intention, had ready a small  
 knife, which she plunged into his throat as he laid  
 hold of her, and he fell dead. Not daring to close her  
 eyes in that horrible place, she crouched in a corner  
 to await the dawn. About midnight she was startled  
 by hearing the sound of horse's hoofs approaching the  
 khan—for who but a malefactor could arrive there in  
 the dead of night? The newcomer alighted, and  
 appeared to be seeking a stable for his horse, as he  
 was leading it about below. "If he finds our horses,"  
 she thought, "I am lost," and again seizing the knife  
 she cut off one of the dead man's arms and flung it  
 from the window at the stranger as he passed below.  
 He, however, still continued to wander backwards and  
 forwards, leading his horse; so the next time he passed  
 she cut off the other arm and threw that also at him.  
 Upon this he cried, "Whosoever ye be, know that I  
 am Dergo of Kisan,<sup>1</sup> and I fear ye not!" Oh, joy!  
 It was her husband's voice.

"Dergo!" she called in reply, "It is I, thy Guzel,  
 come and save me."

The astonished husband and his wife found their  
 way to each other, and mutual explanations followed.

<sup>1</sup> A town between Bitlis and Van.

684 Not being sure of the day of his wife's return home,  
539 he had not been anxious at her non-arrival, but had  
been spending the evening with a party of friends.  
A question had arisen regarding his bravery; and, to  
vindicate it, he had accepted a wager to go alone at  
midnight to the Bas Khan, and leave there a token of  
his visit. He had been searching for a safe place in  
which to leave this token, unawed by the ghastly  
missiles hurled at him, as he supposed, by some bandits  
who had taken up their abode in the khan.

683 Mr. Rich, when travelling in Kûrdistan, met a  
562 girl of the Bulbassi tribe who had killed with a spear  
579 a Turk who insulted her. This young Amazon was  
dressed like a man, and served the chief, Fazullah  
Effendi, as his faithful henchman, accompanying  
him on all his expeditions. The women of this tribe  
are particularly hardy and intrepid. They sometimes  
take to the road as brigands, and unlucky is the  
trader or traveller who falls into their hands. For not  
content with robbing him, they strip him, excite him  
to make proposals to them, and then punish him for  
so doing with every species of mild torture which their  
lively imaginations can suggest, such as pinching,  
scratching, and scourging with thorns.

562 In the domestic circle the women are treated as  
593 equals by the men, who are most affectionate in their  
relations with their parents, sisters, and children, and  
in the character of husbands most considerate, kind,  
and forbearing. As an illustration of this latter  
trait, and at the same time of manners generally  
among the sedentary Kûrds, I cannot do better than  
give the following charming story.

*The Pasha's Lesson to his Wife.<sup>1</sup>*

Once, and more than once, let us pray Allah that<sup>539</sup>  
His mercy be on our fathers and on our mothers who  
bear us!

In former times the Pashas of Bayazid had no wealth, and were in a state bordering on penury. The revenues of the villages, and the receipts in general, were taken by the *dyáns* and the *aghas* of the district, who were rich landowners with many servants and soldiers ready for campaign. The houses of the Pashas were supplied with their daily provisions by each *agha* in turn. The wives of the *dyáns* and *aghas* dressed elegantly, and had very costly things, while the Pashas' wives wore very simple clothes. One feast day the wives of the *aghas* and *dyáns* came to kiss the hands of the *hanüm* (Pasha's lady). The latter was ashamed of her own appearance, as contrasted with that of her visitors; she was quite put out about it, and got in a very bad temper.

When the Pasha came in the evening into the *haremlík*, he found the *hanüm* looking very glum, and asked her, "What is the matter? why art thou so gloomy?"

The lady replied, "How should I not be upset? To-day being a feast-day, the *aghas*' and *dyáns*' wives came to call upon me, splendidly dressed, covered with gold and jewels. In gala dresses, and wearing such magnificent ornaments, they came to kiss my hand! And was it not shameful for me, a

<sup>1</sup> *Jaba, Recueil de Notices et Recits Kourdes*, p. 32.

<sup>2</sup> The common preface to a Kúrdish story.

539 *hanım*, to receive them in this poor gown? It is abominable!"

The Pasha remarked, in reply, that his wife ought to be satisfied, with the high rank she occupied, to leave the pleasures of the toilette to others, and content herself with her position. "All these *aghas*' wives, with their numerous retainers," said he, "are thy very humble servants; that is thy splendour, and it is a sufficient one. All these horsemen are at my orders, ready to march against the enemy; and so, I repeat, greatness consists in having subjects and numerous horsemen to obey one, and not in the possession of gold and rich clothes."

But the *hanım* would not listen to reason; she wanted fine dresses, gold and diamond ornaments.

"To have such things it is necessary to possess villages," said the Pasha. "I must lay hands on some *aghas*, and dismiss some of my people, so as to save their salaries; and what is saved shall be for thee, for thy gold and thy fine clothes."

A few days afterwards the Pasha secretly assembled the *aghas* and *âyâns*, told them of his wife's fancy, and ordered them to mount their horses in the middle of the night, and to go out and post themselves in detachments all round the town. The *aghas* and *âyâns* accordingly assembled with their horsemen to the number of three thousand, forming six squadrons, and placed themselves around the town awaiting further orders. When day began to dawn, the *hanım* saw from her window that the town was surrounded by troops; she instantly awoke the Pasha.

"It is no time to sleep!" she cried. "The enemy<sup>539</sup> have surrounded the fortress!"

The Pasha replied by telling the *hanüm* to fetch her gold and her fine clothes, and offer them to the enemy in order to induce them to depart. The lady exclaimed that such was not the way to repel the foe, and declared that she desired neither gold nor rich clothes, but only to be saved from the enemy. The Pasha told her not to fear, as he had plenty of horsemen and armed men among those whose wives had come to see her, laden with gold, and richly dressed. "But still," he said, "if she desired it, he was ready to dismiss them, and give her their pay, that she might have gold and stuffs."

"May Allah forbid!" cried the lady. "I will have none of such riches; I am ready to give even the garments I now possess to our people and to our troops. I admit that greatness consists in numbers of soldiers and horsemen. There are plenty of rich traders, but what can they do?—they have not that which constitutes real greatness."

The Pasha went out and gave the order for the horsemen to retire and disperse to their own homes. But they would not consent to do so before they had made an excursion to bring back some booty for the *hanüm's* toilet. So they set out for Karadagh,<sup>1</sup> whence they returned with a rich spoil worth a hundred thousand piastres, and offered it to the lady.

The Pasha's wife, however, refused to accept it for herself, and gave it up to the troops, persuaded at last

<sup>1</sup> "The Black Mountain." The name of a district of Persia, situated some forty miles beyond the Turkish frontier.

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that one can well do without gold and rich stuffs, but that without soldiers one cannot maintain one's power.

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The Kûrdish women, of the nomad tribes more especially, take a lively interest in the social and political affairs of the tribe, are acquainted with all that concerns it—its feuds, plans, and conspiracies, in which they are indeed often moving spirits. As enterprising and indefatigable as the men of their race, they are ever on the alert, and ready to leap to the saddle, where, though not elegant riders, they are quite at home, and able to keep up with their husbands in their adventurous wanderings.

[492]

This participation in the political life of the tribe is a peculiarity of nomad life, and of a primitive state of society. Mr. Millingen relates two instances which came under his personal notice of the intervention of women in public affairs. After a skirmish with the

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Shikiah tribe, the beaten Kûrds retired to their encampment, with the loss of twenty-four of their warriors, and sent with all haste a deputation to the

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Pasha of Van imploring his mediation. A kind of commission being despatched on their behalf from this town, it was met at a distance of several miles from the Shikiah camp by a crowd of women, the pretty ones at the head wearing black veils, and shrieking as loudly and woefully as it was in their

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power to do. Their lively grief, backed by a bribe of the Kûrdish delicacy called *djadjik*,<sup>1</sup> was successful in bringing about a solution favourable to the tribe, which, through the mediation of the women, was allowed to escape further punishment.

<sup>1</sup> The onion-flavoured cheese above-mentioned (p. 120).

The Kürda, too, generally leave to the women the<sup>562</sup> business of settling accounts with that regular, but<sup>651</sup> unwelcome, visitor, the tax-gatherer.

On the arrival on one occasion of this functionary at the camp of the Haiderānlis, a large and wealthy tribe established in the plains to the north-west of Van, he was politely received and treated with black<sup>[272]</sup> coffee and tobacco in the tent of the chief, Ali Agha, who courteously informed him that he was at liberty to enter the different tents for the collection of the sheep tax. Once in the tents, however, the tax-gatherer soon perceived that while he was striving to get hold of everything he could detect, the object of the women was to conceal from him all they could. Out of interests so opposed a collision naturally soon arose, and a shower of vituperation, followed by an attack with sticks and stones, assailed the unlucky official, who was finally rescued from the hands of these fair furies by the men of the tribe, and carried for safety to the tent of the chief. Ali Agha now gave him the friendly advice to get from the women all they were willing to give and return at once to Van, thanking Allah that no worse had befallen him. "My good fellow," he concluded, "what can you do with women? They will have their way. Take the money and be off."

In 1854 there passed through Constantinople on<sup>562</sup> their way to the seat of war a band of Kürdish cavalry<sup>701</sup> led by a woman named Kara ("Black") Fatmé Hanım. Save for the dauntless fire which blazed in her eyes there was, however, nothing Amazonian in the

K  
562 aspect of this female warrior, who is described as  
701 having been a little shrivelled up old woman.<sup>1</sup>

K Among the nomad and peasant Kürds, as might be  
871 expected, very little attention is paid to education.  
794 The sedentary Kürds in Suliemanieh and other centres,  
are not, however, wholly uneducated, as they have  
Mollahs, or Doctors of Divinity, of their own nation  
to expound the Moslem law and teach in the colleges.

K  
[212] The wives and daughters of the lettered Kürds are  
also taught at least to read and write Persian, which  
is the literary language, for Kürdish literature is  
almost non-existent, notwithstanding an attempt  
made early in the century by some Mollahs to pub-  
lish works in that language. The Kürdish tongue

K  
197 is not connected either with Persian or Turkish, and  
it contains as many dialects as there are tribes. Con-  
stant intercourse has, however, naturally resulted in  
the introduction into their idiom of a great number of  
K  
538 Turkish, and especially of Persian, words. Poetic feel-  
ing often manifests itself among Kürdish women, who  
compose many graceful and touching songs, of which  
the theme is generally some social or tribal event.

Y The members of the Yezidi sect, who belong to  
871 eleven different tribes, and number between seven  
743 and eight thousand families, are said to entertain a  
562 strong prejudice against learning of any kind, and  
their ignorance is proverbial among the people by  
whom they are surrounded. With the exception per-  
haps of the higher grades of the priestly caste, the  
men are consequently totally without education, and  
their women are naturally in a similarly benighted  
condition.

<sup>1</sup> Nordmann, *Die Amazonen*, p. 132.

## CHAPTER II.

### KÜRDISH WOMEN: THEIR FAMILY CEREMONIES.

KÜRDISH maidens are, as a rule, allowed to choose<sup>584</sup> their own husbands, and the practice of courtship is not unknown. The father's consent is necessary, though couples sometimes dispense with it by running<sup>583</sup> away together when, for pecuniary or other reasons, it is withheld. Among the families of the chieftains, however, *marriages de convenance* are usual, and the parties are frequently comparative strangers to each other. The ceremony of betrothal consists of a<sup>584</sup> reception at which refreshments are served. The expression "To drink sherbet"<sup>1</sup> signifies with the<sup>[272]</sup> Kûrds to celebrate a betrothal. The bridegroom's presence at this ceremony is not necessary, or even usual, and he is generally represented by a near relative, a brother if he has one, who brings with him the customary presents to the bride and her parents.

The great feature at a Kûrdish wedding is the<sup>535</sup> performance of the *tchopee*, or national dance, of which<sup>585</sup> the women are quite as fond as are the peasants of Macedonia and Bulgaria. During marriage festivities,

<sup>1</sup> This favourite Oriental beverage is made of the juice of fruits, cooled with ice or snow.

535 many come uninvited, bringing small presents to the  
 585 bride in order to be able to take part in the *tolapce*.  
 This national dance of the Kürds is very similar to  
 the Greek *lora*. The performers join hands in a  
 semicircle, and balance their bodies backwards and  
 forwards, marking time, first with one foot and then  
 with the other, accompanying their movements with  
 wild shrieks at intervals. The step is, however, less  
 animated and varied than that of the *lora*, and has  
 been described as "a soft undulating movement of  
 the whole circle in harmony with the music, like a  
 field of corn set in motion by the wind." During its  
 performance, the Kürdish warrior will affect the most  
 sentimental and romantic expression of countenance,  
 especially when dancing with his sweetheart, which is  
 customary at small gatherings where no strangers are  
 present. On other occasions the men and women  
 dance separately, though the latter even then lay  
 aside their veils, no matter how great the crowd of  
 spectators.

585 The music to which they dance is chiefly that of  
 533 the *bilcan*, a kind of reed-flute, several of which are  
 534 played in unison. Its tones are soft and pleasing,  
 though somewhat monotonous, Kürdish music being  
 in general, unlike Turkish and Persian, characterised  
 by regular modulations. The airs are, for the most  
 part, grave and melancholy, and would seem to be in-  
 spired by sentiments which one would hardly expect  
 to find in the breasts of wild clansmen whose name  
 has become familiar to us only in connection with  
 535 violence and pillage.

585 At weddings, the *tolapce* is kept up for hours by

relays of performers, the men dancing first, and then 535  
the women. Mr. Rich thus graphically describes the 585  
part taken by ladies in this national recreation :

"The music struck up again the notes of the  
sapee, and a string of about thirty ladies advanced,  
hand-in-hand, with slow and graceful steps, resplen- [292]  
dent with gold spangles and parti-coloured silks, and  
without even the pretext of a veil. This was really  
a beautiful sight, and quite novel to me, who had  
never in the East seen women, especially ladies, as all  
of these were, so freely mixing with the men without  
the slightest affectation of concealment. Even the  
Arab tribeswomen are more scrupulous.

"The line or string of ladies moved slowly and  
wavily round the enclosure, sometimes advancing a  
step towards the centre, sometimes retiring, balancing  
their bodies and heads in a very graceful manner.  
The tune was soft and slow, and none of their move-  
ments were in the least abrupt or exaggerated. . . .  
This exhibition lasted about half an hour. The  
music then ceased, and the ladies retired to their [293]  
homes, first veiling themselves from head to foot,  
which seemed a rather superfluous precaution, as the  
crowd which was looking on at the dance far exceeded  
that which they were at any time likely to meet in  
the streets of Salimania."

The Kûrds, being nominally Moslems, the marriage 525  
contract is a verbal one, made in the presence of an  
imâm. The bridegroom, accompanied by a number of [293]  
his relatives and friends, comes to the house of the  
bride's father, and, after the festivities are concluded,  
takes her home with him on horseback. Sometimes a

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585 capture of the bride is simulated, though she is in reality purchased by the presents sent at the time of betrothal. But although Moslems, the Kûrds are  
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595 practically monogamists, and divorce, though per-  
586 mitted, is very rare among them. Their customary oath, "May I divorce my wife if I," &c., well illustrates their unwillingness to avail themselves of this privilege.

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585 The Yezidi sect are, however, polygamists, and,  
583 like the Turks, may have three wives. Marriages  
584 with near relatives, and also with brothers- or sisters-in-law, are common among them, and no objection is made to divorce as with the Moslem Kûrds. Their  
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585 weddings are performed by Sheikhs of their own creed,  
743 the preliminaries being usually settled by the friends of the contracting parties. The ceremony consists of a mutual public declaration in the presence of the priest, who pronounces a blessing on the couple, and it concludes with the bridegroom's giving to the Sheikh a loaf, and receiving in return one of consecrated bread, which he divides with the bride. It is said that, when pronouncing the marriage oath, the bridegroom stands in running water, signifying that he thus washes away the binding nature of the promise, and consequently renders its breach less sinful. The lower  
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[743] grades of the sacerdotal order, the *pîrs* and *kawwals*, perform the marriage ceremony for the common people; but the services of the Sheikh Nâzir, or high priest, are sometimes secured by persons of consequence in the community.

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A Kûrdish funeral, although it forms a striking

contrast to the quiet solemnity which is characteristic<sup>K</sup> of Moslems generally in the presence of death, is a most impressive sight. If the deceased has been a person of consequence, military standards are borne in the procession, and, in some places, Kermanshah for instance, the body is accompanied to the grave with music and singing. When the funeral leaves the house, men and women rush wildly out, uttering cries and shrieks, and tearing their hair and clothes. Some raise their hands to heaven, others bow themselves to the earth, and cast dust upon their heads, expressing both in sound and gesture the very abandonment of grief.

The funeral rites of the Yezidis are both peculiar<sup>Y</sup> and interesting. When a member of this sect is believed to be at the point of death, a *lawal* is called in, who pours into the mouth of the moribund a quantity of water. If he should expire before this ceremony has been performed, it is deferred until his body is carried to the grave. The body is laid out<sup>K</sup> with the arms crossed over the breast, and not, as with the Moslems, extended by the sides. In the coffin are placed a piece of bread, some coins, and a stick, for the use of the deceased when the "questioners" appear, for, like the Moslems, the Yezidis believe in<sup>Y</sup> post-mortem catechists. Should Mounkir, when he arrives, attended by his scribe Nekir, to interrogate him concerning his faith and the character of his life, pronounce him unworthy to cross the threshold of Paradise, the dead man tries to bribe him to alter his decision, first with the bread, then with the silver. If these are unavailing, he resorts

THE WOMEN OF TURKEY.

[Jama. R.]

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## CHAPTER III.

## KURDISH WOMEN: THEIR BELIEFS.

As Moslem beliefs generally will be described in relation to the Osmanli women, I shall not here discuss them, but merely remark that the Kurds have the reputation of being very indifferent followers of the Prophet. It is, indeed, a common saying that "A saint cannot come out of Kurdistan." They are careless and irregular in the performance of their devotions, and not at all inclined to keep the sacred fast of *Ramazan* so conscientiously as do their Osmanli neighbours. They object, for instance, to abstain from smoking between sunrise and sunset, and will indulge in a *sayideli* at noonday. "The Prophet did not forbid tobacco," they argue; "how could he forbid a thing he had never heard of? Besides, what is smoke?—nothing, or next to nothing." The Turks do not, however, interfere in their religious affairs. Their mosques are served by imams of their own race, Kurdish Mollahs expound to them the Moslem law, and their children are taught by Kurdish schoolmasters. But, notwithstanding this fact, the theologians are, as a class, owing to their reputation for rapacity and greed, highly unpopular among their brother Kurds. To the latter they are,

793 indeed, an unfailing object of satire, and their short-  
 797 comings in this respect especially form the subject of  
 endless humorous stories, of which the following may  
 serve as specimens:

*The Greedy Mollah.<sup>1</sup>*

539 Once upon a time a Mollah and two uneducated  
 793 persons were travelling together, when they came to  
 a river. All undressed to swim across, the Mollah  
 going first. As soon as they were in the water, the  
 Mollah perceived four small jars, filled with butter,  
 floating at a little distance. He reached the first and  
 held it with his teeth, stretched out his right hand to  
 seize another, and caught the third in his left, so that  
 he succeeded in getting hold of three jars for him-  
 self. There remained but one, which was taken by  
 his companions. But not content with three-fourths  
 of the spoil, he called out to the others, "I swear by  
 Allah that I will have my share in that jar too!"<sup>2</sup>

*The Mollah taken at his Word.*

They say that there was once in Kûrdistan a Mollah  
 named Bazid, who greatly edified the Kûrds by his  
 sermons and counsels. One day when he was preach-  
 ing in the mosque, he said in his sermon, "O, Mussul-  
 man people, each of you who possesses two garments  
 [57] ought, for the love of Allah, to give one of them to  
 the poor; each of you who has two loaves ought, if

<sup>1</sup> John, *Revue de l'Asie et de la Turquie*, p. 18.

[539] <sup>2</sup> This story has given rise to the Kurdish proverb, "He has seized three  
 jars, and is not content, but would have the fourth."

<sup>3</sup> John, *Revue*, &c., p. 18.

he would walk in the path of God, to give one to the wretched."

The wife of the Mollah happened to be passing the mosque at that moment, and hearing the words of her husband, she turned back and went home. The Mollah had two changes of garments, the one which went to the wash, and the other which he wore. His wife gave to the poor the one in reserve, and at the same time distributed to them half the provision of bread. When the Mollah came home in the evening, he said to his wife, "My clothes are soiled, bring me the others that I may change."

"But I gave away to-day your spare suit," replied his wife, "and distributed to the poor half the bread we had in the house."

Then the Mollah was very angry, and he said to his wife, "Why didst thou give away my clothes and my bread?"

"Because to-day," she replied, "when you were preaching in the mosque you exhorted all to divide their superfluous goods with the poor in order to walk in the path of God, and so what we were not using I gave to the beggars."

At these words the Mollah waxed very wroth, and he exclaimed, "Woman, my exhortations were for the congregation and not for myself. If I preach thus to the people, it is that they may give me the surplus of their clothes and their bread. You should not think of giving away my spare clothes and my children's bread. I preach to men in my own interest, and thou—thou carriest out, at my expense, the counsel I give them."

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539 The Kurds also relate the following allegorical story with reference to the same subject:

*The Prophet and the Angel.*<sup>1</sup>

When the Prophet—blessings upon him!—ascended [774] to Paradise, the archangel Gabriel accompanied him in order to show him all the wonders of the heavens. The Prophet—blessings upon him!—observed an angel of majestic stature, who stood in an expectant attitude, bearing on his shoulders an enormous drum, and holding in his hand a long drumstick. The Prophet—blessings upon him!—asked who he was, and what was his occupation. The angel replied, "O messenger of Allah, my duty is, when a Mollah confers a benefit or bestows an alms, even were it but some broken food to a beggar, to beat the drum, and thus announce to all the angels of the heavens the benefit or the almsdeed of the theologian."

Upon this, the Prophet—blessings upon him!—asked the angel, "How many times hast thou beaten the drum since thou hast held this office?"

"I am still waiting," replied the angel; "and up to this hour I have not once beaten it."

Will it be always thus? Allah knows. The clergy of all religions perform for the most part but few acts of benevolence or charity, for they require of the people almsdeeds and benefits, and themselves give nothing to the poor.

771 The vague mysticism which is so closely interwoven  
795 with the doctrines of the Shia sect, to which the

<sup>1</sup> Jaha, Beirut, &c., p. 15.

Persians belong, appears to have a greater charm for <sup>771</sup> the Kûrdish mountaineers than the Semitic notion of <sup>775</sup> an absolute and personal Allah, which is the dominant idea of the tenets held by the *Sûnî*, or "Orthodox" Osmanlis. The Dervish Orders, who constitute the mystics of Islam, are, consequently, extremely popular with the Kûrds, and the veneration of the women for <sup>772</sup> the Sheikhs, or *pîrs*, as they are called, whether living <sup>776</sup> or dead, exceeds, if possible, that entertained for them by the Turkish women. For, indifferent as the Kûrds may be to the dogmas of Islam, they, like all highlanders, are exceedingly superstitious, and firmly believe in all the occult and spiritual powers laid claim to by the Dervish Sheikhs.

The saint whom the Kûrds hold in the highest <sup>776</sup> reverence is the deceased Sheikh, Khaled of Sulie-<sup>772</sup> manieh, whom they consider equal to Abdul Kadr of Ghilân,<sup>1</sup> if not to the Prophet Mohammed himself, and deem it profanation to speak of by any other title than that of *Hasreti Mevlâna*—"Our Lord the Prophet." This Kûrdish *pîr*, whose sayings his countrymen dignify by the name of *hâdis*,<sup>2</sup> belonged to the Nakshibendî Dervishes, a "contemplative" Order famed for the deep mystic piety of its members, and which has produced many saints eminent in the Moslem world. To the tombs of dead, <sup>778</sup> or the *tekke*s<sup>3</sup> of living, Dervishes, the Kûrdish <sup>756</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A famous dervish who lived in the twelfth century, and founded the Order of the Kadiri. Wonderful stories are told of the supernatural powers possessed by this Sheikh, some of which may be found in *The Dervishes*, by J. P. Meyer.

<sup>2</sup> The name given by Moslems to the sayings or "table talk," of Mohammed.

<sup>3</sup> The monasteries and temples in which the Dervishes reside and hold their services.

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756 women resort for the cure of every ailment, physical or moral.

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Is a child ailing, it is carried by its anxious mother to the most eminent Sheikh within reach, who cures it by imposition, not of hands, but of feet, by breathing on it with his holy breath, or by hanging some sacred [777] charm around its little neck. The first-named remedy may sound startling, but is actually applied, as I can vouch from personal observation.<sup>1</sup> The baby is laid on its back, and the Sheikh, laying his hands on the shoulders of two of his disciples who stand on either side, places his feet and rests his entire weight for a few seconds on the child's body. The Dervishes also 787 expound dreams, read the future, and furnish every other species of occult information of which their clients may stand in need.

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Some Christian saints belonging to the Armenian calendar are also highly revered by the Kûrdish tribesmen. Of these perhaps Surp Serkis, or St. Sergius, is the one whose aid is most frequently sought. Kûrdish warriors, when about to enter on a campaign, resort [781] to his tomb, and seek to enlist his favour and protection by there sacrificing a ram and lighting wax tapers. 778

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The strange and widespread Oriental myth of Khidhr-Elias, in his double character of sea and land deity, is also current among the Kûrds, with whom he is Khidhr on land and Elias on the sea, and by whom he is invoked as a kind of guardian angel.

<sup>1</sup> I witnessed this strange practice at Salonica, after a service in the tekke of the Mevlevi, or "dancing" Dervishes, as they are commonly called by Europeans.

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891

MA11 Kurd MA11  
Yaxidis MH10

CHAP. III.]

KÜRDISH WOMEN.

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Besides the *djins* and other magical beings, in whose existence the Kûrds, in common with their neighbours of other races, implicitly believe, another class of uncanny visitants, called *sheyts*, excites the awe and dread of these mountain people. These are the apparitions—I will not say ghosts, for, like all Oriental *revenants*, they rise in the body—of martyrs, i.e., Moslems who have died fighting for Islam, and at whose tombs, as at those of Dervish Sheikhs, miracles are believed to be wrought. When they rise from their graves and appear to mortals, which they are said occasionally to do in crowds, it is looked upon as a sign of some important coming event. The Kûrds appear, too, to credit them with habits similar to their own, and look upon them as a kind of fluctuating population, as nomadic as themselves.

The Yezidis, or "Devil-worshippers," whom I have already mentioned as observing marriage and funeral rites differing from those of the Moslem Kûrds, form eight or nine separate tribes, some nomad, some sedentary. The execration in which they are held by Moslems has led to the identification of the supposed founder of the sect with Yezd, the slayer of Hassan and Hussein, the grandsons of the Prophet and martyrs *par excellence* of Islam. This name they, however, no doubt bore long anterior to the seventh century, *Yezd* being one of the titles applied by the ancient Persians to the Supreme Being. The name of Sheikh Adi, a mythical saint, to whom their chief temple is nominally dedicated, is derived, by Mr. Badger,<sup>1</sup> from the Hebrew *Adh* or *Ad*, the two

<sup>1</sup> The Nestorians, &c.

776 first letters of *Adonai*, the Lord. This appears, how-  
101 ever, to be questionable.

*Sheikh Adi* thus represents, with the Yezidis, the  
776 Good Principle, as opposed to *Sheitan*, the Evil Prin-  
771 ciple. The former, they say, is so infinitely good and  
benevolent that it is hardly necessary to invoke his  
name or worship him, while, on the other hand, the  
Evil Principle is so malevolent in his disposition that  
he requires to be constantly propitiated. Fear, there-  
fore, and not love, is the motive for the cult of *Sheitan*,  
and the services held in his honour are always  
of a conciliatory rather than of a eucharistic character.  
So great is their dread of him, indeed, that they  
refrain from using any word implying execration, or  
[774] which has a sound at all similar to his name. The  
charm made use of as an antidote to his influence  
777 also possesses a propitiatory signification. This is  
the wild red anemone, which is chosen on account of  
its colour as the symbol of sacrifice. It is much worn  
on the person or carried in a posy, and doorways are,  
on festivals, wreathed with garlands entirely composed  
of this beautiful flower.

781 Adulation is one of the means by which the Evil  
776 Principle may, it is supposed, be conciliated, and the  
name by which he is most commonly designated, *Melek*  
*Taoos*, signifies "King Peacock," or "Angel beautiful  
as a peacock." He is also called "Prince of Bees."

778 Symbolic representations of *Melek Taoos*, in the  
796 shape of brazen birds, are periodically carried through  
the districts inhabited by the Yezidis. Two *pirs*, or  
Sheihks, precede the bearer of the sacred bird, carry-  
ing censers, in the smoke of which the devotees lave

their hands and faces. When this "Standard" (*sanjak*),<sup>778</sup> enters a village or camp, the highest bidder has the<sup>796</sup> honour of entertaining it in his house, where it remains for two days, during which time all secular festivities are suspended. This symbol somewhat resembles a cock with swelling breast, diminutive head, and widespread tail; the body is full, the tail flat and fluted, and under the beak is a projection like a wattle. It is fixed on the top of a kind of candlestick, and under it, encircling this stand, are two receptacles for oil, each having seven wicks. The whole is of brass, and is so constructed that it can easily be taken to pieces. Mrs. Badger, the wife of the missionary of that name, was, during her stay among the Yezidis, allowed to enter the room containing the *Melek Taoos*, and inspect it at her leisure. On the<sup>[755]</sup> dais beside the image<sup>1</sup> stood a copper jug of water,<sup>415]</sup> the contents of which were dealt out as a remedy to the sick and afflicted. There were present the temporal<sup>[792]</sup> head of the Yezidis, Husein Bey, various sheikhs,<sup>793]</sup> *pîrs*, and *kawwals*, and a fakir, who extolled the benefits which had been conferred on Christians and Moslems, as well as on Yezidis, as a reward for their contributions to the *sanjak*, and invited those present to follow their example. Seven of these brazen cocks are carried about in the Yezidi districts under the superintendence of the Sheikh Nâzir, who fixes their itinerary, seven being the sacred number of the<sup>[777]</sup> Yezidis.<sup>801]</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Nestorians, &c.*, p. 123.

<sup>2</sup> Sir H. Layard, in his *Nineveh and its Remains*, gives a sketch of a bas-relief dug up at Nimrod, representing a sacred bird carried in procession

- 771 Many of the religious observances of the Yezidis  
 174 appear to be a survival of Zoroastrianism, or of the connected creed of the Sabæans, which was spread over Asia by the science of Chaldea and the arms of Assyria. And as the Yezidis are Kûrda, and the Kûrda, as pointed out in the Introduction, are probably representatives of the Chaldeans, so also would be the Yezidis.
- 764 Fire and the sun are with them symbols of *Yezd*, the  
 372 Good Principle; the Yezidis consequently never spit or throw any impurity into a fire, but lave their hands and faces in the flames as if to purify them. The
- 781 sacerdotal caste regularly adore the sun at his rising and setting by bowing and kissing the ground, or rather a stone on the ground, which they then invariably place upon another close by. The laity, however, perform this homage to the sun only during festivals or pilgrimages. Lamps are lighted at sunset at the entrance to every *Shak*, or holy tomb, and close
- 778 to every fountain, for water is also symbolical of the  
 262 Good Principle. Fish, too, are held sacred, and only the lowest class of the population eat any of the produce of the waters. The rite which they
- 783 call baptism is often repeated, and appears to be a  
 796 kind of pagan ablution in the sacred streams and fountains before taking part in the festivals and ceremonies of their creed.
- 778 The Yezidis manifest great reverence for blue, and  
 386 never dye their stuffs of this colour either for clothing or furniture.

by four soldiers, and says that "the *Iyages*, or sacred birds, belonged to the Babylonian, and probably to the Assyrian religion," and that they were "a kind of demons who exercised a peculiar influence over mankind, and resemble the *feroker* of the Zoroastrian system," vol. ii. p. 462.

or furniture. The use of such vegetables as cabbages<sup>000</sup> and lettuces as food is also rigidly prohibited among<sup>Y</sup> them. Like the Moslems, they hold Jesus (*Isa*) in<sup>262</sup> great reverence, and regard wine as the symbol of<sup>Y</sup> His blood. When drinking it they always hold the<sup>776</sup> cup with both hands to avoid spilling its contents,<sup>273</sup> and should a drop fall to the ground they are said to<sup>778</sup> suck it with the lips and swallow the dust with which<sup>K</sup> it has mingled. The Yezidis and Kŭrdish sectarians<sup>Y</sup> are, indeed, generally said to be less hostile to Chris-<sup>286</sup> tians than to Moslems, and it is averred that, though<sup>346</sup> they never enter an Armenian church, they often stop when passing one and repeat some prayer or invocation.

A curious form of confession and penance is also<sup>Y</sup> practised by these "infidels." Ten men form them-<sup>783</sup> selves into a kind of brotherhood, and select one of<sup>794</sup> their number by lot as a scapegoat. If any one of the number is guilty of a grave sin, he confesses it to this substitute, who must vicariously expiate it by prayer, fasting, and mortification. In return for this service he is supported by the rest, who perform for him all his worldly duties, pasture his sheep, and maintain his family.

The sacerdotal order of the Yezidis is very numerous,<sup>Y</sup> and is divided into castes, which do not intermarry<sup>562</sup> with each other, and thus are kept permanently dis-<sup>582</sup> tinct. The office of Sheikh Nāsir, or High Priest, is hereditary in one family, and generally descends to the eldest son. This hierophant is, like the Dervish<sup>Y</sup> Sheikh, believed to be endowed with supernatural<sup>755</sup> powers, and his skill is resorted to, not only by his<sup>789</sup>

own followers, but by Moslems, for the cure of obstinate diseases, both of men and animals, for ensuring the success of a journey or undertaking, and in many other cases. One of the wonderful cures performed by this holy man was on the person of a Yezidi woman married to a Moslem, who had previously consulted in vain, not only the native Mollahs and *hekims* (doctors), but also a "Frank" surgeon.

The Sheikh, says the story, directed the husband to sacrifice a sheep, with the blood of which he sprinkled the woman's forehead. He then covered her breast with a coating of bitter clay, brought from the temple of Sheikh Adi, tied a string round her left wrist, and kept her in solitude for seven days, during which she was fed solely on bread of a particular kind made by his own hands. The husband being puzzled at the success of this heterodox treatment, when orthodox means had failed, applied for a solution of the problem to his Mollah, who replied, "Is it not natural that the unclean should cast out the unclean?"

The Yezidis do not appear to possess any sacred books, the hymns of which their devotions chiefly consist being handed down orally from generation to generation. This is the chief reason of the animosity manifested towards them by Moslems, whom the Koran teaches that those who are not "people of a book"—that is, possess no written revelations—are fit subjects for indignity and persecution. The enmity shown to them, by the Ulemah class especially, has sometimes led to reprisals in which the theologians have not always escaped capture and death so miraculously as the Mollah in the following story.

One day the Mollah Mehmed of Qulpi,<sup>1</sup> with a<sup>539</sup> satchel of books on his back, and his sabre and buckler by his side, set out alone for Bayazid, in order to give his lessons in that city. While he was crossing the plain of Abagha, and was near the rocks, eight Yezid<sup>[579]</sup> horsemen, who were watching there for travellers, stopped, seized, bound, and stripped him of every thing, and then carried him to their lurking-place to kill him. The Yezid priest (*pîr*) drew his sabre, and<sup>[713]</sup> holding it above the head of the Mollah Mehmed, said to him:

"Come now, abandon the religion of Mohammed, and become a Yezidi; if thou wilt not, thou shalt die!"

The Mollah replied, "May Allah keep me from such a deed! If thou wilt kill me, kill me; such will be the will of Allah, and I am resigned to it."

Then the Yezidi *pîr* said to him, "If thy faith be the true one, let thy Mohammed come and save thee from death!"

The Mollah answered, "Mohammed knows not that I am in this position."

Then said the Yezidi, "Call thy Mohammed; perhaps he will come and save thee out of my hands, and deliver thee."

Needless to say that the Yezidi *pîr* was only mocking the poor Mollah. "Pronounce," said he, "three times, in a loud voice, the name of Mohammed, before I kill thee!"

So the Mollah in despair called out three times in a sonorous voice the name of the Prophet—"Ya Mouhammad! Ya Mouhammad! Ya Mouhammad!"

<sup>1</sup> A village between Bitlis and Syrt.

537 It chanced that, at that moment, a man named Mohammed, of the tribe of the Haiderânli, was passing with half a score of horsemen. When they heard this cry, the horsemen rode towards the rocks, and came straight to the lair, where the eight Yezidi brigands and their captive were. The Yezidis, hearing the sound of horses' hoofs, and seeing several riders suddenly appear, took flight. The Haiderânli pursued them, and caught four, whom they killed on the spot. The other four succeeded in escaping. Having thus rescued the Mollah Mehmed, they unbound his hands and feet, and then questioned him as to how he came into that position. When the Mollah described to his deliverers all the details of what had befallen him, they gave him one of the horses which they had taken, and let him go. He arrived safely at Bayazid, where his adventure was much talked of.

805 The Yezidis make use of the Mohammedan Calendar, and, like the Moslems, date from the Hegira. The festival of the New Year is, however, always observed  
796 by them on a Wednesday, which is their Sunday,  
527 but, in order to conciliate their Moslem neighbours,  
785 they also pretend to keep Friday as a holiday. And, though fasting generally is opposed to their principles, they, doubtless with the same object, fast for three days in the December of every year.

346 The Yezidi temple of Sheikh Adi presents so many  
778 peculiarities of structure and ornament that a short description of it may not be uninteresting. It is beautifully situated in a mountain valley, some twenty miles south-east of Rabban Hormuzd, is built east

and west, and bears on its outer walls numerous<sup>346</sup> sculptured symbols, such as "Solomon's seal," roses,<sup>778</sup> crooks, axes, sceptres with seven branches, lions, serpents, and various other animals. Under the floors of the temple flows a stream of running water, which also supplies a square basin in the court and another in the principal hall, the latter having a seat inside each corner for the accommodation of those who come<sup>[783]</sup> to bathe there. In the temple are three tombs, said to be those of Sheikh Adi and two other Yezidi saints; and on the roof above these rise three high, conical domes, or rather spires. The so-called tombs, however, are probably mere cenotaphs, the worship of saints by this sect being believed to be a mere fiction invented to conciliate their Moslem enemies. From a vault near the principal shrine is dug a kind of clay, balls of which are carried away by pilgrims, who use them as charms or amulets, in imitation, no<sup>[777]</sup> doubt, of a similar practice observed at the shrines of eminent Dervish saints.<sup>1</sup> Almost every Yezidi village<sup>778</sup> contains one or more *Shaks*, or shrines, said to be the tombs of great Sheikhs, all of which consist of a small square base of masonry, with a low doorway, and a high, conical, fluted roof. Women, as well as men,<sup>793</sup> officiate in the temple of Sheikh Adi; the former are dressed in robes of white woollen stuff, and wear white turbans.

Pilgrimages are made twice a year to this sacred<sup>794</sup> shrine, when the devotees encamp round about in the<sup>796</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Mevlevi Dervish who keeps the keys of the basilica of St. Demetrios at Salonica, offered me, when visiting it, some of the earth from under the tomb of this Saint, who is regarded with equal reverence by Moslems and Greeks.

Y groves and alleys, and celebrate their religious rites  
 794 with great rejoicing and festivity. The women in  
 796 their gayest and richest dresses, their necks and heads  
 Y hung with strings of silver coins, and with either a  
 284 scarlet feather or a posy of roses or anemones in  
 301 their turbans, dance with the men in rings, some-  
 535 times to the number of two hundred. The young  
 girls make the most of their holiday, dancing to  
 their hearts' content with their admirers or affianced  
 lovers.

K The large Kûrdish tribe of the Doudjiks, which is  
 795 composed of several *thâifis*, forms another heretical  
 776 sect, called Kizilbakhs. They regard Ali, the first  
 771 Khalif, as the personified Deity, thus attributing to  
 him, as do the Ali Ilahis of Persia, a much higher  
 position than to the Prophet of Islam. And there is  
 yet a third description of sectarians, called Baliki,  
 who regard Ali as the latest manifestation of the  
 Deity in human form. The more mystical among  
 Moslems hold that all the great Prophets who have  
 appeared from the creation of the world—Adam,  
 Abraham, Moses, Elias, Christ, and Mohammed—  
 were successive incarnations of the Divine Spirit, and  
 that the founder of Islam, because the last, was the  
 greatest. But the Balikis ignore Mohammed entirely.  
 According to their saying, "He (the Deity) has showed  
 Himself in a thousand ways, and many are in doubt;  
 K if he would show Himself in one way, many would  
 795 believe." Warlike and unruly as are the members of  
 177 this sect, the American missionaries have been very  
 797 [181] successful among them. Such, indeed, is the influence  
 of this handful of men from the New World that they

1: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891

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CHAP. III.]

KÜRDISH WOMEN.

153

have persuaded some of the most turbulent, whom<sup>795</sup>  
the Turks have never been able completely to subdue,<sup>177</sup>  
to lay down their arms, and relinquish their trade of<sup>797</sup>  
rebellion, robbery, and murder.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Comp. Consul Taylor, *Jour. R. Geog. Soc.* vol. LXXV. p. 29, who also says that the Baliki claim to be the descendants of Sharvar, or Sannar, son of Sennacherib, who, with his brother Adrimahak, fled to Sannoon (south-east of Lake Van), after having murdered their father at Nineveh, and founded three dynasties, one of which was that of the Sannasoun, or Sannoon. See also *Misc. of Kher'at*, i. p. 103. ii. p. 145; and the *Geography of the Vartabad Vartan* in St. Martin, ii. p. 431, referred to by Mr. Taylor, *loc. cit.*

## CHAPTER IV.

## KURDISH WOMEN: THEIR FOLK-POETRY—FOLK-TALES.

538 THE tales and legends told by the Kurds are of an  
171 extremely varied character. Among them are many  
charming *miracles*, some of which closely resemble  
Greek or Teutonic favourites, and delightful fables,  
or stories of animals, which seem to be but oriental  
variants of those contained in the collections of *Æsop*,  
*La Fontaine*, and other fabulists. There are also  
stories of buried treasure, guarded by *djinn*, or genii,  
touching love tales, and innumerable legends describ-  
ing tribal exploits and feuds, deeds of violence and  
reprisals. The latter class, though not strictly folk  
tales in the accepted sense of the term, illustrate so  
much more graphically than any description could do  
the manners and sentiments of this wild and inde-  
pendent people, that I have ventured to include one  
or two of them in this chapter.

The first story is evidently a variant of the Tino-  
Greek folk-tale of "Constantes and the Drakos,"<sup>1</sup> the  
opening incident of reaping the field of corn being  
precisely identical. The *Dev* appears to be the Kur-  
dish equivalent of the English "Giant," Scand-

<sup>1</sup> *Kurmanji a' i Spide*, Hahn (J. G. von). *Neuchâtel* 1890, p. 176  
and *Miracles*, II. p. 182.

navian "Troll," Indian "Rakshasa," and Greek <sup>538</sup>  
 Δράκων (Drakos),<sup>1</sup> a ferocious but simple-minded <sup>171</sup>  
 monster, who is usually outwitted by a clever mortal,  
 the youngest of three brothers, or a widow's son.

*The Three Brothers and the Dev.<sup>2</sup>*

There once lived in a certain place three brothers. <sup>539</sup>  
 The name of the youngest was Hasanek, that of the  
 second Qasim, and that of the eldest Shaban. Now  
 it happened that each had a sickle, and Hasanek said  
 to his brothers, "Come along, we will leave this  
 country and go to that of another tribe where we can  
 work and get good wages."

So the three set off. They went to the uplands,  
 and there they found a field of wheat. Said Hasanek  
 to his brothers, "Come, let us set to work and cut this  
 wheat, it has no doubt an owner who will pay us."

So the three went to the field, and they stooped  
 down and began to cut the wheat. When they had  
 been cutting for two days, Hasanek saw a cave; it was  
 the cave of a Dev, who came out immediately, and  
 shouted and said, "Who are you? Why do you cut  
 my wheat? I will come and eat the heads of all three  
 of you!"

Said Hasanek to his brothers, "Do not be fright-  
 ened, there is a Dev; he is coming towards us, say-  
 ing, 'Who are you, and why do you cut my wheat?'  
 Do not speak either of you, but let me answer the  
 Dev."

<sup>1</sup> Incorrectly translated by the late Mr. Geldart as "dragon." See vol. I.  
 p. 355, note, and compare Duden, *Chants Pop. Bulgares*, No. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Lorch, *Forschungen über die Kurden*, p. 49.

539 So they went on cutting the wheat as they saw the Dev coming. The Dev cried, "What are you doing there? You do not know my name. I will make one bite of the heads of all you three!"

Said Hamnek, "Effendi, allow me to speak to you."

"Speak, my son," replied the Dev.

Said Hamnek, "We are three brothers. We came here and found this wheat, and we stooped and began to cut, for we said, 'Perhaps this wheat has an owner who will pay us our wages.'"

Said the Dev to Hamnek, "Very well, my son, rest away." Then the Dev came down to Hamnek, and said to him, "My son, give me thy sickle; sit thou still a little and rest thyself."

So the Dev, and Quain, and Shaban all three rested until the hour of evening prayer.

Then the Dev arose and wrote a letter, gave it to Hamnek, and said, "Take this road, go; you see yonder mountain? On the top of it is my house, where my wife and my three daughters live. Take the letter thither, give it to my wife, she will understand."

So Hamnek took the letter, and set out. He walked for two hours, and then opened the letter, and saw that the Dev had written:

"When this man brings this letter into the house, cut off this man's head, and cook me a pilaf with the head of this man, that I may eat it."

Hamnek tore up the letter, threw it away, and wrote another:

"When this man brings this letter into the house, prepare a pilaf with the head of the brown bulluck;

CHAS. W.]

KURDISH WOMEN.

127

let Hamnak to-night marry my eldest daughter, and 539  
to-morrow morning let him bring me the pilaf."

So the wife of the Der killed the beaver bullock,  
made of the meat a pilaf, and gave it to Hamnak.  
Hamnak took the pilaf, went, and brought it to the  
Der. The Der saw Hamnak coming. Hamnak  
brought the pilaf and gave it to the Der. The Der  
took it, and said to Hamnak, "I did not write such a  
letter; that bad woman, why did she prepare this  
dish and give it you? Why have you brought me  
this dish? This I did not write in the letter [but  
rather that] she kill me Hamnak, and of the flesh of  
Hamnak prepare me a pilaf and send it to me."

Said Hamnak, "If you will go this time, then go.  
But if you will not go, then I will go, and this time  
she must kill me, prepare you a pilaf, cook it, and  
send it."

The Der replied, "My son, sit still. I will write  
once more, give [the letter] to you, to take to my  
wife. If you return this time then I will go myself."

"Very well, Effendi," said Hamnak.

When the Der had written the letter, he rose and  
gave it to Hamnak. Hamnak took it, and, after  
having walked two hours, he opened and read it, and  
saw that the Der had written in the letter: "This  
time cut out the eyes and the lips of Hamnak, and  
make debble of them. If this time the man returns  
safe and sound, then will I come at once, bad woman,  
and cut off thy head, hands, and feet, for thou wilt do  
no man's bidding." Hamnak read in the letter the  
evil which the Der had written, and he tore it up,  
threw it away, and wrote another.

SPY .— "Kill this time the red bullock, prepare *hadda*, and send also bread and pilaf. To night let Hannek marry my youngest daughter, and to-morrow let him take the bread and pilaf, and bring it to me."

Hannek took this letter, and gave it to the wife of the Dev, who read in it, "Kill this time, &c." The wife of the Dev killed the red bullock, and prepared *hadda* of the flesh, and that night Hannek married the youngest daughter of the Dev, and rested until the morning. In the morning he rose, went into the rooms of the Dev, and said to his wife, "Give me the victuals, and I will go to the Dev." The Dev's wife rose, gave the victuals to Hannek, and said, "Greet the Dev from me, and say to him, 'Assured one, thou hast emptied my house of victuals!'"

And Hannek rose, and said to the Dev's wife, "This bullock [with the flesh of which] I go, is to me a remembrance of thee."

The Dev's wife replied, "Arrive thou well, and have luck on the way."

Hannek responded, "I thank thee, and may Allah be pleased with thee!"

Hannek rose, brought the victuals, and gave them to the Dev. The Dev took them, and grew very angry, threw the meat down, and went home.

Hannek said to his brothers, "Brothers, the house of the Dev is emptied of provisions, arise, and let us go further!"

So Hannek's brothers arose, and he led them away, and they walked for four days. The Dev came back, but he did not see Hannek. The latter went

into a town, took his brothers to the market-place and said to them, "Go where you will."

Hannuk's brother Quim said to him, "Why didst thou bring us here?" and his brother Shaban wept.

Said Hannuk, "Brother, why dost thou weep? Allah is great."

Said Quim, "Why didst thou bring us here? What wilt thou do with us? This place is strange and we have no lodging, nobody will receive us, we will go home again."

Said Hannuk, "Hire thyself to a master" (ayle). So he took his brother to a coffee-house, and said to the keeper, "Effendi, this is my brother, his name is Quim, he would be your servant."

The man replied, "My son, in what kind of work is your brother skilled?"

Said Hannuk, "Any work that you may give him my brother can do."

So the keeper of the coffee-house said, "Very well, my son," and Hannuk left his brother there and returned to the market-place, but he did not find his brother Shaban there. He wandered about for a month, and at last he found him in prison.

"Brother, who has put thee in prison and locked thee in?" he asked.

Shaban replied, "I went to the Dev to exculpate myself, and after I had found him I was seized, led away, and thrown into this prison."

Hannuk took his brother out of the prison, and coddled with him four days. He then took him to a bath, washed, washed, and cleaned him, took him out

of the bath and led him to the captain of the guard. Hasanek said to the captain of the guard, "I give this, my brother, into thy keeping."

The captain asked, "Here, whither goest thou?"

"To take vengeance on the Dev," replied Hasanek.

Said the captain, "Go, hero, for I, too, am a Dev-tamer. The Dev has a sword in a golden scabbard under a cover near the couch where he sleeps. Take this sword and go farther. To the right is a lattice, go to this lattice, open it, and as soon as the Dev enters the room, take his sword in your hand, and when he advances into the chamber strike at his head, cut it off, and throw it on the floor. In the head is a tongue which speaks; if it says to you, 'Give a second blow,' then reply, 'I strike no second blow, a hero speaks but once.'"

Hasanek arose and went to the house of the Dev, took the sword which hung over his pillow, went farther, and saw the grating on the right side of the room, and placed himself in front of it. By-and-by the Dev arrived. Hasanek grasped the sword, and, as the Dev advanced into the room, he aimed a blow at him and cut off his head. The Dev fell to the floor and then said to Hasanek, "Give me a second blow."

Said Hasanek, "A hero speaks but once."

The Dev died. Hasanek arose, carried away the corpse of the Dev, threw it into a pit, and then returned by another way to the Dev's house. He took the youngest daughter of the Dev and married her, and then set out to search for his brothers, Quaim and Shaban. When he had found them he gave the

eldest daughter of the Dev to his brother Shaban, and 539 the second to his brother Qasim, and they all three settled down and lived in peace ever after.<sup>1</sup>

The following pathetic little story recalls Grimm's 538 *Brüderchen und Schwestern*, and also the Epirote 171 Greek folk-tale of 'Αστὴρὶς καὶ τὸ Πικάλι ("Starbright and Birdie"), although in the Kurdish version the cannibalistic element is absent.

*The Legend of the Owl (Gō is).<sup>2</sup>*

Once upon a time, there lived a man and his wife, 539 who had one son and one daughter. The wife died, and the man soon after married another. After two years had passed, and the second wife had a daughter of her own, she began to hate the children of the first wife.

The girl used to go out to tend the cattle. One evening when she returned home she missed her brother, and asked her stepmother where he was.

The woman replied, "Thy brother has gone to his uncle's house."

The girl went to sleep, and in her dream she saw that her brother had been killed and his body thrown into a pit. In the morning she rose and said to her father,

"Father, I dreamt last night that thy wife killed my brother, and threw his body into a pit. I will now go out with the cattle, and if I find my brother

<sup>1</sup> The story does not say what became of the Dev's wife, but must probably the Dev had killed her when he went home in a rage.

<sup>2</sup> Lamb, *Parables*, etc., p. 80.

539 here on my return in the evening, I shall know that all is well with him. If he comes not, I will no longer tend the cows, neither will I remain here."

The father replied, "Go out to-day with the cattle, and I will seek for thy brother, and find out the truth. Since my wife hates you, neither will I remain here, unless I find your brother."

So the girl arose, and led the cows to pasture. The father, too, went out, and found his son's body thrown into a pit, and covered with a stone. He returned home and said to his wife:

"Why hast thou slain my son? His sister saw in a dream in the night that her brother was dead, and she came unto me and wept, and said, 'My brother has been killed, and thrown into a pit.' I said, 'Hush, my daughter, fear not, thy brother is well,' and the maiden said to me, 'To-day I will go out with the cattle, and if, when I return in the evening, my brother has not come, I will no longer remain here.'"

The woman replied, "Go, leave me in peace, you horrid man! You listen to your daughter, and then you come to me and ask me, 'Why have you killed my son?' Why should I then kill thy son?"

The husband went forth in anger. He drew the corpse of his son out of the pit, carried it to his wife, and said to her:

"You monster! By whom has this boy been murdered?"

The woman was speechless. She trembled and could not utter a word.

The father washed the dead body of his son, carried

him to the grave and buried him. He then returned <sup>537</sup> home, cut off the head of his wife, and threw her into a pit.

The murdered boy's sister came home in the evening. When she saw neither her brother nor her step-mother, she asked, "Father, where is thy wife?"

"I know not," he replied, "but thy brother is dead."

When the maiden heard this she wept, and went away. Going down to the brook side, she bathed and prayed twice.

"Oh, Allah! Change me into an owl!"

And she was at once transformed into that sad bird. She flew up and away and was seen there no more.

The following story will recall at once the wide-spread <sup>538</sup> nursery tale of "Puss in Boots. As in the <sup>171</sup> Sicilian version of this story, mentioned by Mr. Lang,<sup>1</sup> the Fox, from motives of gratitude, undertakes to make the Miller's fortune, but his endeavours are defeated by the cowardice of the pretended "Temtequ Pasha."

*How the Fox Wooed for the Miller the Daughter  
of the Pasha of Egypt.<sup>2</sup>*

There once lived a Miller in a certain country, and <sup>539</sup> plenty of grist came to his mill. One evening he stopped the mill, went into his house, and slept. In the morning, on going again into the mill, he found the trough empty. So on the following night, instead of sleeping, he kept watch, and about midnight

<sup>1</sup> Perceval's Fairy. Introduction, p. lxviii.

<sup>2</sup> Lamb, *Fairytales*, etc., p. 83.

539 he saw a Fox enter the mill, go to the trough and take out the flour. The Miller came out of his hiding place, seized the Fox, and began to belabour him with his stick. The Fox yelped, and said to the Miller, "Let me go, and I will woo for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt!"

"I am a Miller," was the reply. "How wilt thou woo for me the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt?"

Said the Fox, "Kill me not, and I will indeed woo for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt. If I fail to do so, then thou mayest kill me."

"Thou must take thine oath upon it," said the Miller.

So the Fox swore to the Miller, and the Miller let him go.

The Fox set off, and by-and-by he arrived in Egypt. When he came into the presence of the Pasha, he saluted him most courteously, and the Pasha said to the Fox, "Tell me thy desire."

The Fox replied, "Sire, have I your permission to speak?"

"Thou hast."

"Then," said the Fox, "My master, Temtequ Pasha, seeks the hand of thy daughter."

The Pasha of Egypt replied, "Take horsemen with you, and go to meet this Temtequ Pasha, who may be some Vizier, but whose name I do not know."

"Sire," said the Fox, "give me a suit of clothes,\* and I will take it to Temtequ Pasha. But do not send your soldiers out to meet him before two days

[43] \* Presents of apparel are very common in the East, and are frequently mentioned in folk-tales.

have passed, for I will myself announce to you his approach."

So the Pasha of Egypt gave a suit of clothes to the Fox, who immediately set off with it for the Miller's house.

Said the Fox, "I have wooed for thee the daughter of the Pasha of Egypt. Arise now, go to the bath, wash and clean thyself, put on these clothes, and I will lead thee to the Pasha of Egypt."

So the Miller went to the bath, where he washed himself, shaved his head and his beard, and donned the new suit. He then set off with the Fox. When they arrived on the Egyptian border, the Miller remained behind while the Fox went to inform the Pasha of his arrival.

Said the Fox, "Effendi, Temtequ Pasha has come. Give me a handsome carriage for him, and let your soldiers go out to receive him."

The Pasha ordered a state carriage to be got ready, with three cavasses to walk in front of it. So Temtequ Pasha came to Egypt, and the Egyptian army shouted "*Salasem aleitüm!*" But the Miller was confused, and could not reply to the greeting, and some of the soldiers said, "It is a drunken man! it is a drunken man! It is no Pasha! it is but a Miller!" The Fox then walked up and down before the soldiers, saying to them, "The weather is very warm, and Temtequ Pasha is quite overcome; you must excuse him." So Temtequ Pasha was conducted to the palace of the Pasha of Egypt. As he stepped out of the carriage, the Fox took him by the hand

\* "Peace be with thee."

539 and led him into the serail into the presence of the Pasha. Said he to the Pasha of Egypt,

"Effendi, for a month past Temtequ Pasha has been absent-minded."

"Well," replied the Pasha of Egypt, "lead him to his apartment, and put him on the divan to rest."

The Fox obeyed. The Miller was trembling with fear, and the Fox said to him, "Curse thee, leave off trembling, and lie down to rest!"

"The Pasha of Egypt will come hither, and cut off my head," replied the frightened Miller.

"Not he," returned the Fox. "Fear not, I will not forsake thee. Have thy wits about thee, and if he enter the room rise from the divan and kiss the hem of his garment."

"If the Pasha of Egypt comes into the room he will kill me," repeated the Miller.

Said the Fox, "Get up. I will bring thee water to perform the ablution, and then thou canst say thy prayers."

"Yes," replied the Miller, "bring me water, and I will make the ablution."

So the Fox fetched some water and gave it to the Miller, who went out to seek a place proper for making the ablution before saying his prayers, without, however, knowing where to look for it. The Fox waited for some time, but as the Miller did not return he went to seek him, and found him lying on the ground, dead. Then he went to the Pasha of Egypt, and said to him,

"Temtequ Pasha went out to make the ablution, and has fallen down dead."

The Pasha said, "Go, bring him in."

539

So the Fox brought in the Miller's body, washed it, and buried it.

The following fable is precisely similar in its commencement to the familiar one of "The Fox and the Stork." The incident of the Mollah's fur pelisse is, however, quite an Oriental feature, and the final catastrophe is familiar to me as occurring in another Eastern story, the nationality of which I do not, unfortunately, remember.

538  
171

*The Fox, the Eagle, and the Wolf.*

Once upon a time a Fox and an Eagle lived on brotherly terms. One day the Fox said to the Eagle, "I will prepare a feast for you."

539

So the Eagle went to the house of the Fox, whom he found preparing the meal. When it was ready, the Fox placed the meat on a shallow dish, and invited the Eagle to fall to, saying, "Brother, eat!" But, peck at the dish as he would, the Eagle could not secure a morsel, while his host ate with ease.

Then said the Eagle to the Fox, "Come with me; get on my back, and I will take you to my house."

So the Fox got on the Eagle's back, and the Eagle rose high into the air. Presently he saw a Mollah kneeling on his fur-lined pelisse, at his prayers, and threw the Fox down upon him. The Mollah, terrified, ran off, leaving his pelisse, which the Fox promptly put on, and went his way.

539 On the road he met a Wolf, who asked, "Brother Fox, what kind of fur coat are you wearing?"

"Brother Wolf, I am a tailor," replied the Fox.

"Then, Brother Fox, make me a fur coat," requested the Wolf.

"Certainly," said the Fox, "I will make you a fur coat."

"How soon will it be ready?"

"I must first have seven sheep, and then I will make it," replied the Fox; and he went to his den, and lay down.

The Wolf went further, found seven sheep, and brought them to the Fox, who said, "Brother Wolf, go home and wait three days; then return, for I shall have sewn your coat."

The Wolf waited three days, and then returned to claim his pelisse.

But the Fox replied, "My father is a tailor, and so is my mother, but I am not one."

Then said the Wolf, "Brother Fox, would you mind coming out of your den?"

"Get away with you," replied the Fox; "these seven sheep will suffice me for a whole year."

"Then," returned the Wolf, "I will wait a whole year before your den."

But the Fox heeded him not. He ate the seven sheep, and went to sleep. The Wolf remained seven or eight days before the Fox's earth. Seeing that he made no attempt to come out, the Wolf at last fetched a dried gourd, into which he put some stones. This gourd, rolling about, made a continual noise, which roused the Fox's curiosity. Coming cautiously out

of his hole, he looks about for the Wolf, but, not<sup>537</sup> seeing him, he ventures forth, and seizes the gourd, which he ties to his tail. By-and-by he goes to the fountain, and, his tail hanging over the side, the gourd falls into the water, and the Fox, in his efforts to pull it out again, tumbles in himself.

The transcriber of the next story, M. Jaba, suggests<sup>538</sup> that "Sâri-Salté" must have been an old Crusader, who<sup>171</sup> knew of the existence of the treasure, and had come from Europe, disguised as a dervish, to secure it. I venture, however, to think it much more probable that he was the famous warrior-monk, Sâri-Saltik, one of the Moslem "Saints" who took part in the Ottoman Conquest, and of whom many extraordinary legends are related by the Turka.<sup>1</sup>

*The Armenian and the Dervish.*<sup>2</sup>

An Armenian named Sâtir once lived in the town<sup>539</sup> of Hegiriv, which is situated in one of the *kazas*<sup>286</sup> (districts) of Van. One day a wandering dervish was passing through the town, and received hospitality in the house of this Armenian. By the will of Allah, this dervish, whose name was Sâri-Salté, fell sick, and remained a long time confined to his bed in the house of his host, who, with his wife and all the people of his household, took the greatest care of him. Every possible attention was paid to the dervish Sâri-Salté.

<sup>1</sup> Some of these legends are to be found in the *Narrative of Kâzım Effendi*, published by the Oriental Translation Fund. Among other facts the saint destroyed a seven-headed monster, and delivered a king's daughter whom he was about to devour. He is said to have travelled about from country to country, borne over the sea on his dervish's sheepskin mat.

<sup>2</sup> *Bulletin de l'Institut de l'Asie Mineure*, p. 94.

539 In about two months the dervish got well and re-  
286 covered his strength. One day he said to Sâtir, "Get ready by to-night a sack, a cord, flint and steel, a candle, and some matches. Have all these things in readiness, for we are going somewhere. Thou hast put thyself to much trouble for me, and it is but right that I should do thee a good turn."

The Armenian, Sâtir, got ready the sack and the other articles mentioned by Sâri-Salté, and, as soon as it was night, he and the dervish took them, and left the town. At an hour's distance from Begiriv, near the village of Kürüt, on the top of a hill, are the ruins of a castle, which dates from the time of the Infidels (*i.e.*, the Christians), the architecture and walls of which are very ancient. The dervish Sâri-Salté and the Armenian Sâtir penetrated together into the interior of the ruins.

The dervish said to Sâtir, "Knowest thou why I have led thee hither?"

"I know nothing about it, thou only knowest," replied the Armenian.

537 Then the dervish revealed to him that in the centre of this fortress, which has remained from the times of the Infidels, a treasure lay hidden. "I am going," he said, "to remove the spell which guards it; we will enter, and thou shalt take some of the gold. But utter not a word." After this caution to Sâtir, the dervish pronounced some words, when a noise, accompanied by an earthquake, was heard within the walls. A few moments afterwards a door opened, and both entered the treasure chamber. Sâtir lighted a candle, and saw indeed a large room where gold and coins of

the old Christian Emperors were lying in heaps. On 599 one heap of gold was a golden partridge with diamond eyes, which sparkled; and its beak, wings, and the whole of its body were covered with precious stones, which glittered in the light. The dervish stretched forth his hand, seized this golden bird, and hid it in his mantle, and advised Sâîr for his part to fill his sack with as much gold as he could carry, as it was time to retire. The Armenian did so, and made so heavy a load that he could hardly carry it. They left the chamber, the dervish again recited some words, and the door of the treasure house shut again. They walked away together for a little distance, and the dervish then said to Sâîr, "Do thou go home, and I will go about my business, but do not forget me," and he went off in another direction.

No sooner had he gone, however, than the demon began to tempt Sâîr. The recollection that the dervish had taken away with him the image of the partridge studded with precious stones tormented him, and made him fancy that he, as a confederate, had some right to it. So he turned to follow after the dervish, with the intention of taking the bird from him by force, if necessary. Putting his sack on the ground, he ran after Sâîr-Salté and soon overtook him. Hearing the sound of footsteps behind him, the dervish looked round, saw Sâîr, and asked what had brought him back. The Armenian replied that he wanted the partridge, and not the gold.

The dervish replied, "Thou art a fool. This gold is sufficient for thee; go about thy business, I want

539 this partridge. It is for this bird that I have left Frenghistan<sup>1</sup> and come hither; but I fell ill on the way and remained in thy house, and in reward for thy care I have given thee so much gold."

Sâtir turned away. The demon, however, did not leave him, but induced him to go and try to take the partridge by force from the dervish, and also to keep all the gold. So again he runs after Sâri-Salté, and, in a word, in spite of all the latter's counsel, he would not be persuaded. Seeing that Sâtir was prepared to take the bird from him by force, the dervish told him to come nearer and he would give it to him. At the moment he approached, Sâri-Salté threw at his nose something, the smell of which was so overpowering that he fell back in a faint.

The dervish went off, and Sâtir did not come to himself until the following day. He got up, saw that the dervish was gone, took up his sack, and carried it home, where he hid it carefully. By degrees he purchased property of various kinds, several yokes of oxen for the plough, a fine flock, and some mills. The Governor of Bagirt<sup>2</sup> learnt this, and suspected that Sâtir must have found a treasure somewhere, as he was buying so much property. The neighbours informed the Governor that a short time back a dervish had arrived there, and remained in Sâtir's house, that he had recovered, and disappeared, and that it was from that time that Sâtir had become so prosperous. Finally, they succeeded, by one means or another, in getting some ancient coins from Sâtir's house.

<sup>1</sup> The land of the Franks, i.e., Europe.

The affair got wind, and it was everywhere reported<sup>539</sup> that Sâîr of Begîrv had found a treasure. The news finally reached the ears of the Pasha of Van, who sent for him and shut him up in the city prison, where he lay some time. He confessed the truth, and obtained his liberty only at the price of a quantity of gold, which he gave to the Pasha of Van. In short, Sâîr had to scatter his gold in all directions.

Sensible folks will, perhaps, doubt the truth of this story. It is, however, firmly believed in these districts, and often related, and, what is more, the descendants of Sâîr still live at Begîrv in great prosperity. They have lands, mills, many a yoke of oxen and fine flocks, and they keep open house. One might say that it is a *tekkê*,<sup>540</sup> for every one receives hospitality in this Armenian house; Moslems even are never repulsed, but welcomed with every mark of attention. From that time Sâîr became well known among the Kûrds, who made great friends with him, and brought him presents of sheep. It sometimes happens that they are at feud with the inhabitants of Begîrv, and commit robberies and depredations in that town, but they always spare the house of Sâîr, saying that it is as sacred as a *tekkê*, and that not even an indiscreet glance must enter it.

The following curious story has been preserved by<sup>541</sup> the late Mr. Rich,<sup>542</sup> who took it down literally from the lips of the narrator, a tribesman of the Bêbbêk of Derishmana, without, as he says, adding to or

<sup>539</sup> Turkish customary, where hospitality is generally extended.

<sup>540</sup> *Karavân, etc.*, vol. i. p. 292.

538 altering it in any way. The incidents it describes are  
114 totally unlike those of Kûrdish stories generally, and  
are probably derived from real occurrences, but belonging to a date far anterior to that assigned by the story-teller, who, with the supreme disregard for accuracy manifested by persons of his calling in the East, would refer any remarkable story to the immediate ancestors of the favourite Kûrdish hero, Sulîman Haba, if he could not refer them to the hero himself without being convicted of a too glaring anachronism. It may possibly be a survival of some story of chivalry belonging to the crusading age of Saladin, whom the Kûrds declare to have been a prince of their race.

[174] A parallel to this legend may also be found in the Greek folk-tale of Ἡ βασίλισσα πρὸς τὸν πόλεμον, "The Princess who went to the War."

### *The Maiden Champion.*

537 There lived once in Darishmans two brothers, Fakih Ahmed and Khidder, who had suffered much from the hostility of the Bulhasia, the most powerful people of Pahlar. Fakih Ahmed, who was of a bold and proud spirit, quitted his village in disgust, swearing never to return to it unless he should be in a position to avenge himself. He went to Constantinople, and entered the service of the Sultan.

It so happened that the Sultan was at that time at war with the English (or Franks). In those days battles were generally decided by single combat. A champion had come forth from the Frankish host

\* See Haba, *Southward Steppe*, p. 37; and *Shirvan*, i. p. 114.

who for five days had kept the field against the flower of the Turkish chivalry, all of whom he had successively overthrown and slain. Fakih Ahmed volunteered to meet this redoubtable foe, upon which the Sultan sent for him, asked him concerning his country, and being satisfied with his appearance, allowed him to undertake the adventure, after first supplying him with a suitable horse and arms. He ran his course, and overthrew the Frankish knight. Upon alighting to cut off his head, he found, to his great astonishment, that his fallen enemy was a young maiden, who besought him to spare her life and she would marry him. He brought her back to the Turkish camp in triumph, and upon the Sultan's asking him what reward he should bestow upon him, he claimed and obtained a *ferme*, constituting him Bey, and bestowing on him in perpetuity the village and lands of Darishmana. In this he displayed either his modesty or his ignorance, for, had he claimed the whole of Kurdistan, he would have obtained it.

Fully satisfied, however, with his new acquisition, he returned in triumph to his native place with his bride, Keighan, by whom he had subsequently two children, Baba Silliman and Boudakh Keighan. He had frequent contests with the Ballahis, whom he succeeded in reducing to considerable order.

One day, however, when he was absent, a large party of them came down on a predatory excursion. His wife, Keighan, called forth alone, and put the whole of them, amounting to some four or five hundred horsemen, to flight, killing a great number. She then

37 summoned together the people of Dariahmana, mounted her horse, and addressed them as follows :

"Men of Dariahmana, Fakih Ahmed spared my life when I was in his power, and I have this day requited the service, which was all I wanted or waited for. Now tell Fakih Ahmed what you have seen, and also that I am gone where he shall see me no more. Tell him that I charge him not to follow me, for it would be in vain, and I should do him harm, which, God knows, I would not willingly do." So saying, she turned her horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

As might be supposed, Fakih Ahmed was, on his return, much astonished to hear what had happened, and also deeply grieved at the loss of his beloved Keighan, whom he resolved to follow in spite of her prohibition. He came up with her in the valley of Khidheran, which is in Pishder, and besought her to return with him.

"It is impossible," she replied. "You are a Moslem, I am a Frank. I go to the land of my fathers. Farewell. Come not near me, or I shall harm you!"

As the enamoured Fakih persisted, she raised her spear, and thrust him through the shoulder. He fell, and she galloped off. But she had not gone far when she bethought herself that she had made but a poor requital for his mercy to her when her life was at his disposal, and that, though he was a Moslem, he was the father of her children. She therefore relented, turned back, and finding him still breathing, applied to his wound a powerful ointment which placed him out of danger till he should receive succour. She

then set off again. But the ardent lover and his-  
band, as soon as he had recovered from his wound,  
nothing abashed by the rough usage he had received  
at Krighan's hands, still persisted in his design of  
following and recovering her, and in pursuit of her  
reached Franghistan. At nightfall he came to a  
large city, where he heard the sound of revelry.  
The *mekter ikkas* (band) was playing, the *mekkals*  
(torches) were lighted, and all the other preparations  
for a *tey* (nuptial feast) were going forward.

Uncertain what to do, or where to take up his abode  
for the night, he resolved to leave it to chance and  
remain where his horse might stop. He accordingly  
gave him the reins, and the animal stopped before the  
house of an old woman. After making some difficul-  
ties, the woman consented to receive Fakih Ahmed as  
her guest, and he then inquired of her what was the  
occasion of all the rejoicings. She replied that the  
daughter of the king had gone to war with the Mos-  
lems, and had just returned after having been missing  
for several years, and also that she was then going to  
be married to her cousin. Fakih Ahmed begged his  
hostess to procure him admission as a spectator to the  
nuptial feast, which she at length agreed to do, pro-  
vided he would allow her to dress him in woman's  
attire. This he consented to, and, favoured by his  
disguise, he contrived to be close at hand during  
the first interview between the fair Krighan and her  
proposed spouse.

When the lady came forth, the ungracious bride-  
groom immediately saluted her with a box on the ear,  
saying:

529 "There had been a prisoner in the hands of the Mahometans; there had been dishonoured; and dost thou dare thyself before me?"

The bride, in her anguish, exclaimed in the Kurdish language, which had become familiar to her, "Oh, Fakih Ahmed, would that thou wert here!"

The person thus invoked immediately rushed forward, drew the bridegroom, and escaped with his wife to Constantinople, where the Sultan bestowed upon him an addition to his former grant. The couple then returned to Fakhir, where they lived happily all their days. Before Fakih Ahmed died, he completely subjugated the districts of Fakhir, Mergah, and Mawatt, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Beha Sultan, the successor of the present prince of Bilkis, who conquered the remaining districts of that part of Kurdistan now under their authority.

531 The Sultan Murad, who figures in the following Kurdish story, is most probably Murad IV., who reigned early in the seventeenth century, and resembled the famous Khalif Haroun of Baghdad in his fondness for going about his capital in disguise. His adventure with the shepherd is almost identical with that related of James V. of Scotland—"The Outlawman of Ballengrish"—with the former Donaldson, who was subsequently known as "The King of the Moors."

\* See Sir W. Scott's *Novels*, Appendix to *The Lady of the Lake*, p. 406 (Black's edition, 1849).

*Sultan Murad and His Shepherd.\**

It is well known that the Kurds had their sheep <sup>571</sup> in flocks into Syria and Arabia, and even to Constantinople. Once a shepherd named Sin, of the tribe of <sup>573</sup> Ben-Burkha, led his sheep to Constantinople for sale. His shoulders covered with a goat-skin, as is the custom among shepherds, he grazed his sheep in the neighbourhood of the capital.

One day Sultan Murad and his *hale*,<sup>†</sup> both disguised as dervishes, were walking in the suburbs, and they came to the spot where Sin was with his sheep. Now Sultan Murad had never in his life seen Kurds, nor shepherds in such a costume. Seeing Sin so strangely dressed, the Sultan was astonished, and said to his *hale*, "What-race of men is this who resemble in no respect the people of Shanhood, with their heads and their eyes covered with goat-skins?"

The *hale* replied that it was a Kurd from Asia, who had brought his sheep for sale.

"Let us approach this strange creature," said the Sultan, "and see what manner of man he is."

Then the Sovereign and his *hale* in their dervish <sup>574</sup> disguises came up to the shepherd and saluted him. <sup>575</sup> He returned their salutation, saying, "You are welcome, *hale* (father) dervishes." The Sultan and the *hale* sat down. The shepherd had a pipe with a short stem which he filled and offered to the dervishes, who

\* *Ibid.*, *ibid.*, *ib.*, p. 10.

† There is a traditional expression. This name is also given to a man who has the charge of children.

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THE WOMEN OF TURKEY.

[page 20]

537 were much surprised by this act of courtesy. He 538 then said:

"I have bread and milk, and will bring you some."

Sultan Murad wished to decline his offer, saying, "We are not hungry, and have no need of food." But the shepherd insisted upon sharing his bread with them, and quoted to them the Arab proverb: "Whoso visits a living person and eats nothing at his house might as well visit a dead man."

"I am well," he added, "and refuse to be called a dead man, so you must not leave me without breaking bread."

The Sultan was charmed with the shepherd's remark, and accepted his offer of bread and milk. After unslung the skin bag which hung on his back, took from it a wooden cup, went to milk some of the sheep, and returned, bearing also in his hand a loaf, which he placed before his guests. The Sultan and the lady ate a little, and the shepherd then asked the dervishes if they lived at Constantinople.

"Yes," replied Sultan Murad, "we belong to the capital. For the love of Allah, shepherd, if thou comest into town come and see us."

The shepherd asked Sultan Murad what was his name and where he might be found.

539 His Majesty replied that his name was Balu 540 Murad, and that he lived near the Sultan's palace. "Come to that place," he added, "and thou wilt find us."

The two dervishes took leave of the shepherd, and

returned to Stamboul to the imperial palace. The *537* Pashah stationed a man at the Sublime Porte with orders to look out for a shepherd, dressed in such a certain fashion and covered with a *gustakia*, who would present himself there; as soon as he appeared, to say to him that he belonged to the house of Baba Murad, and then to conduct him to the apartment prepared for him, seat him there, and inform the Sultan of his arrival.

Two or three days afterwards, the shepherd took two or three of his fattest sheep, drove them before him, and traversed Stamboul, inquiring for the house of Baba Murad. Every one laughed in his face, and made fun of him, until he arrived near the palace, when the man who had been posted there by order of the Sultan went forward to meet him, and asked, "Whom seekst thou?"

The shepherd replied that he was looking for the dervish, Baba Murad, his dear friend, and that he had brought the sheep as a present to him, and a token of his friendly regard.

The man replied that he belonged to the household of Baba Murad, and offered to conduct him to his master's shade, giving the sheep into the charge of his servant. The shepherd's costume was enough to frighten one, with his *gustakia* covered with hairs standing on end, and in this costume he entered the sumptuous apartment, took off his shoes, and sat down. The palace attendant went to inform the Sultan that the shepherd had come, and that, according to his orders, he had conducted him to the apartment specified, and awaited his Majesty's further orders.

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THE WOMEN OF TURKEY.

[CHAP. II.]

579 The Sultan put on again his dervish's dress. The tale did the same, and both entered the room where the shepherd was.

"*Salame alaikum, peace be upon thee,*" they said.

The shepherd had still no idea that he was in the presence of the Sultan. The *Pelishak* ordered the black coffee which is served in *fasfidan*\* to be brought.

"My brother," cried the shepherd, "why is thy milk so black and so bitter? and these cups, why are they so small? It swells my mouth, and I can't drink the milk. Let them fill my wooden cup, and I will put in some pieces of bread and eat them."

The Sultan smiled, and ordered coffee to be brought in a coffee-pot. They filled with it the cup of Sio the shepherd, gave him a piece of bread, and he ate it with a spoon. Then addressing his Majesty, he said:

"By Allah, my brother, thy milk is bad, it is too bitter." Then, looking at the cushions and mattresses covered with gold brocade which decorated the room, which he thought was but printed cotton, he added, "Brother, buy me a little of that stuff for my children. I will repay you when I have sold my sheep."

"Willingly," replied the Sultan.

Sio continued to look about the apartment, which was full of magnificence and luxury, inspected the beautiful furniture, and again addressed the Sultan.

"My brother, who built this house for thee? doubtless it was left to thee by thy father?"

\* *Pelishak* coffee-cups. Though coffee has long been known in Palestine, it is little used by the common people, and is unknown to many shepherds even at this day.

\* Black sheep's milk is used by the poor.

The Sultan replied that it had indeed been be-<sup>33</sup>queathed to him by his father.

Shaking his head, Hio cried, "I knew that it could not be a *derwish's* property!" and a few minutes afterwards he asked permission to leave, in order to look after his sheep, which had been left without a keeper. The Sultan told an attendant to send some one to look after the sheep and sell them, adding to the shepherd, "I will not let thee depart." His Majesty ordered them to take Hio to the bath and give him a robe of state, and thus only did Hio learn that Baba Murad was his *Palikah*. When again conducted into the presence, he fell at the Sultan's feet and implored his pardon for having been so wanting in respect for him. Murad overwhelmed Hio with benefits and honours, had his sheep sold, granted him many favours, and finally bestowed upon him by *farai*\* the fief of several villages of *Bayazit*. At this day the chiefs of the tribe of *Berukta* are of the family of this man, and live in the village of *Girberta*†.

The Kurds, like the Turks, have for their lore of<sup>34</sup> most of their comic and humorous stories, *Nasr-ol-Din Hodja*, the *Imam* jester of *Timour the Tartar*. Some of these stories are identical with those current among the Turks, but many are, doubtless, of much greater antiquity than the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, the date assigned to this famous Oriental wit. The character of these anecdotes varies greatly. In one, for instance, the

\* The Turkish equivalent of "royal letters patent."

† Between *Bayazit* and *Malum*.

538 Hadja administers a severe rebuke to the avaricious; in another he counsels a wise maxim for general observance; in many he is a mere buffoon; and in some his own honesty and integrity are more than questionable. Underlying the majority, however, is a vein of quiet sarcasm; and the *jeu de mots*, so much appreciated by Orientals, and to which the Turkish language especially is so well adapted, are very frequent, but impossible to reproduce in another language.

*The Adventures of a Cooking Pot.*

539 One day the Hadja borrowed a cauldron (kudze) from his neighbour. Now this neighbour was a bad man, and the Hadja did not like him. After the cauldron had remained some days with him, the owner knocked at the Hadja's door and re-demanded his property. The Hadja placed a smaller pot in the cauldron, and handed it to him. When the owner observed this, he said to Nur-ed-Din:

"This little pot is not mine."

The Hadja replied, "Thy cauldron has given birth to a young one; take them both, I do not want thy goods."

At this the owner of the cauldron rejoiced greatly, and exclaimed, "Allah Jevve—Allah is great! with the Almighty nothing is impossible!" and so saying, he took the pots and went his way.

A month or two afterwards the Hadja again went to his neighbour to borrow a cauldron. The man brought out the biggest he possessed. "But that is too big," objected Nur-ed-Din.

"I haven't a smaller one to lend you," said his neighbour. "What does it matter? If this one should bring forth, surely its child will be a big one."

So the Hadja carried the cradle home, and put it on the shelf. The cradle not being returned, the owner, after a month or so, went to ask for it. At the sight of him the Hadja wept.

"Aida," he cried, "a great misfortune has happened. Thy cradle was a beautiful cradle—it is dead—but thou art in good health."

"How can a cradle die?" retorted the other incredulously; "thou art mocking me, Hadja."

"My heart," replied the Hadja, "when I informed thee that thy cradle had brought forth a young one, Allah was all-powerful; and now, when I tell thee that she is dead, thou sayest that I mock thee!"

*Nair-el-Din and the Beggar.*

One day the Hadja went up to the terrace roof of his house, and while he was busy putting it in order, a knock was heard at the street door. On opening it the Hadja's wife saw a stranger, and asked his business. The man replied, "Go and tell the Hadja to come hither quickly, as he is wanted."

"But he is up on the roof, and is busy," objected the Hadja's spouse.

"No matter," was the reply, "call him that he may come quickly."

So the Hadja's wife called from below, "Agha, there is a man at the door who wants you; come down quickly."

537 Said the Hodja, "I have mounted a thousand steps to get up here—ask the man what he wants, and then tell me."

But the man insisted on the Hodja's coming down to him at once, so the good woman again went to call him. Finding the caller so persistent, the Hodja said to himself, "Perhaps he comes on some business matter. I had better go down."

Hurrying down the staircase, he fell and hurt himself, and, coming to the door out of temper, found there a beggar, who said:

[538] "For Allah's sake, give me an *aspr*!"

"Come this way," replied the Hodja, and he led the man up the staircase. When they had mounted forty steps, the Hodja turned to the beggar and said, "Oo, may Allah send thee one."

"You might have said that to me downstairs," grumbled the beggar.

"Man," replied the Hodja, "thou didst bring me down a thousand steps to hear thee say, 'Give me an *aspr*,' and hast been the cause of my fall and my hurt. I bring thee up but forty steps to hear me say, 'May Allah give it thee.'"

#### *Naz-ed-Din Hodja and the Corpse.*

539 One day, as the Hodja was at home washing his 764 clothes, a man came to request him to perform the oblationary rite for a corpse, so that it might be buried.

"I am busy," replied the Hodja; "I am washing my clothes. Oo, bring the corpse here, lay it on this

\* The word *oblation* denotes when offering a beggar's request for alms.

chap. iv.]

KURDISH WOMEN.

187

table, and I will wash it here, as I have plenty<sup>537</sup>  
of warm water,' and then you may take it and<sup>764</sup>  
bury it."

"Very well," said the man, and he went to fetch  
the body.

The Hodja placed it on his table, and then said to  
the hearers, "Remain outside with my wife while I  
see to the corpse."

So the man went and sat down outside. The Hodja  
locked the door and fell a-thinking. Said he to him-  
self, "I begrudge the warm water which I want for  
my clothes."

A small stream flowed past the house, and the<sup>538</sup>  
Hodja finally decided to let it carry the dead man  
away unwashed. So, seizing the corpse by the legs,  
he threw it into the stream, which was swollen, and it  
was soon borne out of sight.

"I must now be wily with these men," said the  
Hodja to himself, and opening the door, he asked,  
"What has the life of the dead man been?"

"He was a rogue, a thief, and a cheat," was the  
general reply.

"No," said the Hodja, "that cannot be. You are  
mistaken. This man must have been a good man.  
When I had washed him on the table he opened his  
eyes and sat up. A silver chain then came down from  
heaven, angels came and took him up, and they said,  
"This was indeed a man."

The simple villagers believed the words of the Hodja.  
"It was the will of Allah," they piously said, and re-  
turned to their homes. When, however, the corpse

\* See *Western Journal* Nov. 2, 1890.

531 had been in the water for three or four days, his further progress down the stream was arrested by the overhanging branches of a tree, and was observed by the country people. A peasant presently came to the Hadja, and reproached him, saying:

"You told us, Hadja, that the dead man had been taken up to heaven, and there is his corpse in the stream all swollen."

"Then he has been thrown down again from heaven," replied the Hadja, promptly. "You said he was a rogue, a thief, and a cheat, and who knows what he may not have been doing up there? He has probably stolen something, and they have cast him down again. Go quickly and bury him, or he may again come to life and rob you of something."

#### *How the Hadja lost his Quilt.*

One winter's night, when the Hadja and his wife were snugly asleep, two men began to quarrel and fight under his window. Both drew their knives, and the dispute threatened to become serious. Hearing the noise, the Hadja's wife got up, looked out of the window, and seeing the state of affairs, woke her husband, saying, "Great heavens! get up and separate them, or they will kill each other."

But the Hadja only answered sleepily, "With, dear, come to bed again; on my faith, there are no men in the world. I wish to be quiet; it is a winter's night. I am an old man, and perhaps if I went out to them they might beat me."

The Hadja's wife was a wise woman. She kissed

his hands and his feet. The Hadja was cross and *Jff* scolded her, but he threw the quilt about him, went downstairs, and out to where the disputants were, and said to them:

"For the sake of my white beard, cease, my sons, your strife."

The men, in reply, pulled the quilt from the Hadja's shoulders, and made off with it.

"Very well," observed the good man. He re-entered, locked the door, and went upstairs. Said his wife:

"You did very well to go out to those men. Have they left off quarrelling?"

"They have," replied the Hadja.

"What were they quarrelling about, Hadja?"

"Fool," replied the Hadja, "they were quarrelling for my quilt. Henceforward my mantle shall be, 'Beaver of serpents.'"